



# AN ELEGY

## Upon the Death of Mr. WILLIAM LILLY The Astrologer.

O UR Prophet's gone: No longer may our Ears  
Be charm'd with Musick of th' harmonious Spheres.  
Let Sun and Moon withdraw, leave gloomy Night  
To shew their Nuncio's Fate, who gave more Light  
To th' erring World, than all the feeble Rays  
Of Sun or Moon; taught us to know those Days  
Bright *Titan* makes; followed the hasty Sun  
Through all his Circuits; knew the unconstant Moon,  
And more unconstant Ebbings of the Flood,  
And what is most uncertain, th' factious Brood,  
Flowing in civil Broils; by th' Heavens could date  
The Flux and Reflux of our dubious State.  
He saw th' Eclipse of Sun, and change of Moon;  
He saw, but seeing would not shun his own.  
Eclip'd he was, that he might shine more bright,  
And only chang'd to give a fuller Light.  
He having view'd the Sky, and glorious Train  
Of gilded Stars, scorn'd longer to remain  
In earthly Prisons. Could he a Village love,  
Whom the twelve Houses waited for above?  
The grateful Stars a heavenly Mansion gave  
T' his heavenly Soul, nor could he be a Slave  
To mortal Passions, whose immortal Mind;  
Whilst here on Earth, was not to Earth confin'd.  
He must be gone: The Stars had so decreed,  
As he of them, so they of him had need.  
This Message 'twas the blazing Comet brought,  
I saw the palefac'd Star, and seeing thought  
(For we could guess; but only *Lilly* know)  
It did some glorious Hero's Fall foreshow.

A Hero's fall, whose death more than a War  
Or Fire, deserv'd a Comer. Th' obsequious Stars  
Could do no less than his sad Fate unfold,  
Who had their Risings, and their Settings told.  
Some thought a Plague, and some a Famine near,  
Some Wars from *France*, some Fires at home did fear.  
Nor did they fear too much, scarce kinder Fate.  
But Plague of Plagues befell th' unhappy State,  
When *Lilly* dy'd. Now Swords may safely come  
From *France* or *Rome*, Fanaticks plot at home;  
Now an unseen and unexpected Hand,  
By guidance of ill Stars, may hurt our Land.  
Unsafe, because Secure, there's none to show  
How *England* may avert the fatal Blow.  
He's dead, whose Death the weeping Clouds deplore:  
I wish we did not owe to him that Shower,  
Which long expected was, and might have still  
Expected been, had not our Nation's ill  
Drawn from the Heavens a Sympathetick Tear.  
*England* hath cause a second Drought to fear;  
We have no second *Lilly*, who may die,  
And by his Death may make the Heavens cry.  
Then let your Annals, *Coley*, want this day,  
Think every Year, Leap-Year, or if't must stay,  
Cloath it in Black, let a sad Note stand by,  
And stigmatize it to Posterity.

F I N I S. 132.